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Original Poetry.

THE ENCHANTED ARMOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Soon upon his burning throne,
With the universe below him—
Pale the gems around him throne
Clouds like banners floated o'er him.
With his trumpet, and his sword,
Treasure rich in golden glory,
Beauty came, and blushed and sighed,
While she told her pretty story—

"Hear, oh! Jupiter, the child!
Right my wrong if thou dost love me!
Thou and Juno saved my cottage in
All my prayers, in power, shelter me.
Earth, for weapon, then hast given
Both the strength and skill to me;
Why, because, supreme in heaven?
Frowns on me with sought to shield it?"

Down the nose—the wild wood-rose—
Fair and fresh as I, thy daughter,
Always dreamt in soft repose.
With her life-guard therein about her!
As she spoke in music mild,
Tears welled from her eyes glistened
Yet her red lip, dimpling, smiled,
For the gad beguiled listened.

"Child of Heaven!" he kindly said,
"Thy the weapons Nature gave thee
And, I dispose not the thereof,
Proudly trust to them to save thee
Lance and vizor, thorn and spear!
They are wrought with bright power,
In that blood and smile and tear!
Fearless go my bright flower!
Yes dear thou with all thy charms,
Still, for something more, be struck you—
Still to use the magic arms—
Say, better, there's no need of!"

EMERSON'S YOUNG.

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
BY JOHN H. SHERE, AUTHOR OF
HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS
OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

In the year of Redemption, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine—at which our history commences—New York was a thriving commercial town, though, as compared with its extensions, of exceedingly circumscribed bounds. From the Battery to a gate called the Water Port—on the line of Wall street—it was not extended. From this gate, northward, ran a palisade defense, terminated by junction with the *Kerfeldervy*, or Broadway, where there stood a second gate named the Land Port. The shape of the city was triangular—with palisades for base; East River on one side, and Broad way on the other, converging to the apex at Whitehall; or rather at a spot—whence stood the fort—midway between Whitehall and the Bowling-green.

Beyond the Water Port grew noble forest trees; which, according to the statistics of Hudson's river to Hoodsbay, were meadows and pasture-land, mountain, gardens and farmhouses—or else there had not been need for the so designated—Bouweries. So that from the bay, the city might be compared to a gem of art, enchased and set in the midst of nature's finest. Nay, even on Albany sloop, or New Jersey ketch, was moored in Hudson's stream—all the commerce and traffic of the country at the period, of a mercantile nature of no less than two three-masted vessels, twenty sloops, beside ketches and open craft—which traffic were concentrated on the East river. Nor was the eastern margin of New York the same as now. Now—the Whitehall street (whence stood a public dock, formed by property, piers with a narrow entrance, a retreat for vessels from blasting of the river and now the site of Pearl street—which had houses only on the land side; all the piers *home now* existing between the latter location and the present, having been since recovered. The river-course was—our South street so that ages—was divided into Pearl—Pearl, High and Water. Pearl—High street—and near the Water Port, was known by another name.

Within the city, houses were not so closely rolled as at a later period. From many a yard and alley, shot up the tall poplar, whilst the wide-spreading, four-gable roofed mansion, with a low, pointed gable—to an extent, indeed, which brought reproof on Governor Stuyvesant (the last named) for the encroachment of this part of their High Mightinesses, who on inspecting a plan of the city which he forwarded to Holland, hinted disapprobation of so much vacant space in laying out streets and lots. Such liberality in marking yard, alley and garden, imparted not only health but beauty and economy. But the health and comfort of the city was in the keeping of Peter Stuyvesant, the pseudo-governor and successor, and not in that of their masters—whether Dutch or English—in Europe. There were incomes enough, however, for a population of four thousand souls divisable as follows: One thousand Dutch; or attending the Dutch church—a second thousand comprising negro and Indian slaves; and about two thousand New Englanders, British and strangers.

Many of the best habitations and public edifices fronted the streets and displayed a pleasing ornamental aspect, being built of glazed tile, with both gables and roofs—the latter notched or embellished in the very apex, which was surmounted with gilt vane, or other ornament. A well, based on the water's edge, and vaulted margin of the river, serving the double purpose of transport and public water, which, at convenient, pitched out its contents in wooden conduits, resembling Moorish forts, on which were planted cannon. In summer season, in-stead of a shadeless dock, the occupants of dwelling from the sea, the city seemed partially—at least—to realize a scene of Eastern manners, to which the presence of the Indian, and even the voluptuous heat of the sun lent increased effect. To complete our description, we may add, that Governor's Island (then called Nutten Isle) was a green pasture, appropriated, as farming-ground, for the Governor's use, without rent, bounties, or taxation, and which, to-day, stand a solitary farm-house, with orchard skirting to the water's edge; whilst also, on the shores of Nova Belgia, and the southern parts of Long Island, stood, at intervals, amidst the forest, the public-founded homestead of farmer, or planter, glistening with face of glazed brick. Where some little creek or bay was lost in the stream—or retreat—made curled from the Indian wigwam—and occasionally, the dark forms of the forest tribes might be seen launching the slender canoe, or fishing from its sides.

It was the latter end of **May**, the weather unseasonably warm, which might possibly influence the unfavourable ferment which raged in the bosoms of the little community. The first vessel of the season, from England—had expected—had not arrived—and meanwhile, there came from Boston, *via* Hageneer of an extraordinary character. The Bostonians learned, through a circuitous channel, that the English nation—long disgusted with attempts at James the Second to introduce popery—had invited William of Nassau to the throne. This prince had landed with an army, and, according to the latest accounts, had met with great success. But the Bostonians, without making issue of the matter, instigated alike by hatred of popery, and of their tyrannical governor, Sir Edmund Andros—who had misled many over the provinces of New York and Massachusetts, and whose presidency was at Boston—rose in arms against, and imprisoned him, in company with several members of his council. These seated had a leader for New York to act a part equally as decisive against Francois Nicholson, lieutenant-governor of the colony under Andros.

The vivid and wide-spread alarm of popery, both in New York and the New England colonies, was a matter, some allowance, in these quiet days. Christiance all denominations, of its encroachment, whatever fear may exist of the spread and, of course, progress—but not to such dream of appearing to other means, in countenance

whole set with her, and with the misanthropy of disappointed passion would have persuaded myself that there was no such thing as disinterested love. Sting to the quick by her conduct, angry at her and at myself, I walked about until evening, and went back to my room splenetic and morose. There I vowed never to have anything again to do with the sex. I had not long been in when an acquaintance, who had landed accidentally at my return, called on me. He was going to the theatre, and, in my present mood, he had no difficulty in persuading me to accompany him. The stir and passion of the play suited my frame of mind exactly, and what with that and the wine I drank, I soon became quite excited and ready for anything. The company—for we had met several other young men at the theatre—proposed adjourning to a fashionable gambling house. Thither, accordingly, we went. Though it was the first time I had been at a public hall of the kind, I was not altogether ignorant of the games, and the crowd, the gay lights and the infection of example, conspiring with my present feelings, I was quickly engaged in play. I remember the wild excitement which soon possessed me. My mortified spirit roused itself energetic to the utmost, and it seemed to me as if I was a perfect master of the game, so self-collected was I, so full of resources and quick in applying them. I remember drinking deeply and playing high, and then the next event I recollect, is waking in my own room, towards noon the next day, suffering with a violent headache, while a roll of bank notes and a pile of gold lay carelessly on my chair. I had won a thousand louis d'ors.

CHAPTER VIII.
DESPAIR AND HOPE.

For the next few days my name ran through the *salon*. Almost a stranger, as I was in Paris, my success was regarded as that of an experienced hand. The victory I had won over one or two professed sharpers, with whom it appeared I had been playing, was quoted everywhere to my credit. Surrounded by flatterers, who laid their ultimate designs upon me, I took a share of the light of public life, not an event occurred which fortunately checked me in my career, and restored me to virtue.

There was a ball at the Duc d'Aiguillon's: thither I went in the hope of seeing Mary, determined to exhibit such coolness and collectedness as would revenge my pride. The company was large and brilliant, but with disappointment I saw Mary was not there. After lingering awhile feeling sure for the place, I was about departing when I saw the object of my passion enter. She was soon surrounded by admirers. I was determined not to approach her, but I found a circle near, where she might see me. Here I exerted myself to the utmost, and was rewarded by observing that she had caught the attention of my listeners. A question was asked me respecting our late cruize, when I took occasion to detail some feat of its events. I kept my theme clear with triumph when I saw that one after another of the group around Mary were detaching themselves from her side and joining me, and at length gaining quickly ground, I detected her eyes bent on me in earnest interest. Those expressions of mingled reproach and affection cut me to the heart. A doubt as to the motive of my sudden condemnation of her, broke on me. I could not proceed, but hastily bringing my description to a close, I turned away, with feelings of shame and remorse I cannot describe, to another part of the room.

At one end of the long suite of apartments was a garden, into which a window opened from the room. Thither I unconsciously bent my steps. My brow was fevered, and I felt languor and I stepped out into the garden that the open air might cool my heated brain. I stood there but a few minutes, when a change began to come over my feelings. The calm light of the stars, and the quiet repose of the trees, contrasting with the noise and glare inside, diffused a gentle melancholy over my soul. A hand touched my arm. Supposed—for I knew and heard no step—I turned hastily around, and saw Mary standing behind, pale and embarrassed. She was evidently under the dumb influence of overcoming herself, she was the first to speak.

"You need not think wrongly of me, Mr. Sidney," she said, "for nothing but the effect of your studied avoidance of me since your return. I know that something is wrong, and I am resolved to know what it is. You see I am frank, but such is my nature, and having noticed your demeanour and heard something of your conduct, I am led to believe that there exists some misapprehension on your part, which induces you to treat me thus. Had I deserved differently, she said, proudly exerting her head, I had not sought this interview."

I was completely overcome, as much by the tone as by the words of Mary. She still loved me then, was my first thought, and I had deeply injured her by my conduct. My heart gushed over with tenderness towards her. Yet it was nearly a minute before I could speak. At length I spoke and entered into an explanation, endeavouring to make my conduct appear less harsh than I now felt it to have been.

"You astonish me," she said, at last, after making audible. "There is some misconception in somewhere here; but why, Sidney," and she rose closer on my arm she looked up into my face with a tender reproach that melted the heart, "you not call again? Surely, the influence of a porter to admit you is not conclusive."

I mentioned seeing her on the promenade, and the cold hardness with which she turned away.

"I did not see you, indeed I did not," she exclaimed eagerly, "and this is the first information I have had of the meeting. You say the Count recognized you," she said, with a momentary hesitation, "he never alluded to the subject."

Perhaps not," I replied, somewhat in a laughty tone.

Now you do me injustice," she quickly replied, "you do not imagine what is transacted in the Count and me."

I could not trust then. Hastily I regretted my own credulous to the regret, and I was half double ashamed of myself on account of the coldness of Mary. I was embarrassed. I could not speak. At length I said, in a low tone,

"I do not believe it now. I have been a fool, and have wronged you. Will you forgive me, Mary?"

"If you can forgive yourself," she said, archly, but immediately her countenance assumed a serious air, and she continued, "Tell me what is this I hear of you, Sidney? Is it you who is talked of in every cafe as the gentleman of fortune who made his thousands at the table of the other night?"

My eyes fell to the earth, and could not rise. I felt how I had once thought that my accumulations to me an harsher name, would prejudice to her esteem; and now that I learned they had, I wished the earth to open and swallow me. Mad Mary spoken to me in terms of anger, in proach I could have answered her in the haughtiness of my soul; but their mild tenderness melted me.

Forgive me, I again remember. Words cannot tell how bitter I repent my conduct. But oh! Mary, do not judge me too harshly. Recollect I was almost beside myself at the time. Your coldness had cut me to the heart, and in leaving anger I proceeded to justify myself in such as possible, by detailing the events of the past few days, as they had really occurred."

It is not so bad as I feared," she said when I had done recital, "but you are not to go on pursuing those ruinous courses in a gambling house. Remember, too, that whatever you may hear you are not to think me hollow. So long as I am assured of your love I will keep my truth."

She said this solemnly and with her eyes raised to heaven.

"And I will be faithful to you until death," I repeated, taking her hand and raising it devotion to his blue sky. "God help us both!" and thus mutually were we plighted for the second time.

"I must now hasten back to the room," said Mary, after a few minutes of silence, "or they will miss me, and think my absence strange. Come home-time and try again for reinstatement," she said archly, folding up her disgrace, as she vanished behind the shrubbery.

I felt no inclination to rejoin the company, so I turned my steps to my inn, where I lay for hours, on my couch, raw I could sleep, indulging in delightful reveries of future happiness. Oh! is there anything like the exuberance of a lover restored from despair to assured felicity!

TO BE CONCLUDED.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30.

THE POST'S PRIZE STORIES.

The prospect is highly encouraging that we shall have warm competition for the prizes, among some of the best writers of the day. *The Post, for the coming Winter, will be the most brilliant in literary merit of all the family journals* in this country. We are not liberal enough in expending to in new subscribers by the score, and we shall be in some surprised if we did not *double to the list of the Post, the coming season.* We have been so lucky, on more than one occasion, and as long as the Post is conducted on an enterprising manner, and on a scale of liberal expenditure, the warm and steady support it has always known, will never fail. That may sound confident. But it is no such as that effect follows cause. A paper, conducted on enlightened principles, is always sure of support.

THIS WEEK'S POST.

We have been too long in the business of publishing to become vain of a new dress for the Old Post, but our patrons will perceive by the judge correctly when a thing is well done. The brilliant appearance of the paper this week, is owing to typographical improvements in literary excellence, must strike the eye even of a tyro in the business.

The new head of the Post, *the handsomest paper, this week to be found in the United States, and challenge any refutation of the fact.* We are proud to say that the whole paper is keep up to the same mark, but we take liberty to say that we have taken the wind out of the sails of our contemporaries in this town. The most conspicuous of the Post, reaching as it does every post town in the Union of any repute, or population, is the best evidence of the success of our work, so the beauty and merit of the sheet in every corner of our country. To say then we are not proud of *our position*, at the head of the newspaper of this continent, would be untrue, and we think we better show the fact by making the Post the best paper we can keep our stand-ing, than by throwing up our caps in self laudation.

The new novel by Mr. Maturin, "GOVERNOR LEISLER," bids fair to be one of the best continued stories we have published for a long time, and is particularly interesting to the readers of the Post. It is ever our care to foster a proper taste for national literature. It will be found by glancing over the files of the Post for the last five years that more stress upon Revolutionary events have appeared in our columns than in all the other weekly journals put together.

"PAUL JONES" progresses in interest as the author develops his theme. It is the most difficult article we have read for a long while. The writer holds a pen of no common power, and we regard him as one of the best writers of the day, as the line he has chosen to adopt. It may be a pleasure to the readers of the Post to know that we shall have articles frequently from his pen.

MRS. Smith's story of "THE INNOCENT" is a singular one, and, deriving additional interest from that fact, that the accomplished writer is the wife of the celebrated "Original Jack Downing," a lady who adds all the grace of female mind, to a mascular vigor in all her articles.

Frances Osgood's sweet little poem will be read and praised by every person of taste. We look upon her as the most refined of all the American female writers. With great tenacity she combines a natural smoothness and beauty of style, appropriate to her sex. You never meet those coarse expressions in her stronger moods which are disfigure the style of some others of our female writers, who straining after strength of expression, impart a want of refinement to the mind that we sought this tone of their articles. We expect to have papers frequently from the pen of Mrs. Osgood.

"I am completely overcome, as much by the tone as by the words of Mary. She still loved me then, was my first thought, and I had deeply injured her by my conduct. My heart gushed over with tenderness towards her. Yet it was nearly a minute before I could speak. At length I spoke and entered into an explanation, endeavouring to make my conduct appear less harsh than I now felt it to have been.

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THE REPUBLICAN TYRANT.

The basis of freedom is the right to think; and this, so far as government is concerned, is secured to us in this country by the declaration and defence of the right to speak; speech being only the representative of thought—the tangible exhibition of that which, while unutterable, is for all the purposes of influencing others, or defending ourselves, a mere non-entity. When, therefore, the right to speak and be publish is guaranteed, something more is intended than to declare that simple articulation is a right and a privilege, or that man may enjoy perfect freedom with the vowels and consonants.

The day has gone by when in religion, politics, and science, every effort to break up or arrest the monopoly of direction, the right of warning a man to silence before utterance, of censorship to be published thought, or the punishment of his departures from the standards. The day has gone by when hereditary and every other position gave man a right to declare that the human mind had reached its highest point of progress. The restriction on progress, with all proper deference for the past and the venerable, we know to be most salutary vanity—most impious contempt for the sagacity of the Creator. But, in the words of memory that he may recollect the history of the past—judgment that he may compare that experience with the present—and foresight that ambition, which under proper schooling and direction will apply the reasonings of a thinking creature, to the future, that he may see that these faculties are not to be used why was man made better than the beasts that perish? If we have to have it in the power of society since the data of others, why was the human mind made "that lofty thing?"

The recognition of the rights of the individual was the great ground on which the severance of this country from its political connection with the old world took place. It is a mere quarrel about a penny a pound for tea, more or less. It was the assertion of the principle that in all matters affecting individual happiness, the individual—every individual—has a claim to be consulted. It was the vaunted assertion of the claim that made the United States free and independent.

Connected with these facts are two or three things which require to be often and deeply impressed upon the public mind. The natural tendency of human conduct is to run from one extreme to another. Can we not see this action in any such predicament? We have cast off the tyranny of crown and order, of hereditary nobility, of the monopoly of trade, guild, and trade, and exclusive corporations. This is all very well. Any man may make a fortune in any of our cities without interference from the worshipful guilds, and without purchase of the freedom of the city. That we say, so far as it goes is all very well. We have thrown off old claims. The next question is have we, or have we not, fabricated new ones to take their places? We have resisted formal and legitimate foreign sway. Have we put an informal and illegitimate tyrannical despotism in its place? And have we also, or have we not established in our midst, self-imposed tyrannies more than royal tyrannies, though unpalpable, it is still powerful, arbitrary, fluctuating?

These inquiries—we have not time to follow these questions through all their answers. We have not space to touch upon the valuable evidence in foreign customs—the fabulous restrictions of foreign religions which are upon the events of the manufactures of mind in other lands. Let us look, you and I, leaving the rest of the world out of the question, to the domestic part of the subject.

Now, Sir, come up and be talked to. How are you in politics? Do you dare speak your thoughts, trying them only by the standard of what you believe *is right*, without regard to what is *popular* in your town, in Boston? Do you dare commit the ability of your pocket without asking what Mrs. Grundy will say? Where are you in religion? Are you a member of a community, you alone are responsible. There is a religious discussion going on just now very generally within the denominations of the whole Christian world. The true question involved is "Shall a man think for himself, or may he not think at all?" Are you in this? And the importance of the question supplies the reason why book follows book in the matter, and why the bookseller's profit is the result it is impossible not to predict. Man can and may sell think for himself. He would sell himself to slavery, and he does so. Are you in this? And the importance of the question supplies the reason why book follows book in the matter, and why the bookseller's profit is the result it is impossible not to predict. Man can and may sell think for himself. He would sell himself to slavery, and he does so. Are you in this?

What then is this great American Tyranny? Public Opinion. The word has been polluted actual murderers, thieves, murderers, breakers of the peace. So far was their misapplication of it carried, that it was actually directly legitimate and its exercise laudable and necessary. Mr. Public Opinion is a tyrant or not—but it is not as he chooses, but as you choose. You have no right to fly in his face by the commission of crime—there is no independence in that, or if there be, it is the same with Satan urged upon his angels. You have no right to do an unoriginality thing, though the written law support you in it—and the more Public Opinion is against you the more you are in the wrong. But all this time you are to recollect that Public Opinion is neither infallible or omnipotent. It may, it will, every now and then, and it does the one with every generation. It is like Aaron's Calf—a beast of an idol when set up for worship—very ready for the gold when tried and used in its legitimate shapes and purposes and exhausted at its just worth and no more.

AUTHOR OF CHARCOAL SKETCHES.—We have been looking at a proof of a new and admirable literature of Joseph C. Neal, Esq., the popular author of "Charcoal Sketches," which has been issued by Carey & Hart, and will be in the December number of which work it will appear. It is from the hands of Welch & Wilson, and the latter has left no fault to be offered in one of the most finished likenesses we have seen—possessing all the characteristics of the artist, in general popularity the latter evinces the great fortune of other classes, and in times of reverse abundant agricultural productions relieve the depression. It is gratifying therefore to notice how men of all trades and professions appear to be finding out the true importance of the homely interest.

In general terms the reader will find little in this week sketching—as the proofs about him of the constantly and steadily at work, and many. While they prosper all other branches of industry participate the benefit of their prosperity—in general prosperity the farmer embraces the good fortune of other classes, and in times of reverse abundant agricultural productions relieve the depression. It is gratifying therefore to notice how men of all trades and professions appear to be finding out the true importance of the homely interest.

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This series of portraits is Graham's Magazine of the most accomplished literary personages of the country, must regard it as the best work, aside from its established literary merit. This is the truth of the series and will be followed by Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Mrs. Sigourney, J. Fenimore Cooper, Judge Conrad, Joseph R. Chandler, and a host of others whose portraits are now in the hands of artists.

ANOTHER AGRICULTURAL FETE.—The Montgomery Agricultural Society, will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th and 5th days of October at the Lamb Tavern, on the Lancaster Turnpike Road, one mile west of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge. The Ploughing match, for which premiums will be awarded, as well as Ploughmen, will take place on Friday, the 6th of October. Every arrangement has been made to contribute to the convenience and comfort of exhibitors and spectators, and a great day is counted on.

PRECIOUS SOLDIERS.—The Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, has ordered, in accordance with the suggestions of his ministers, that all persons who have been been taken in the act of policing pockets, shall be, for the benefit of the districts in which they belong, incorporated into the regiments. He must have a great idea of elevating the character of the service.

TERRIFIC STORM, AND LOSS OF LIFE IN FLORIDA.

An extra from the office of the "Star of Florida," published at Tallahassee on the 16th instant, brings accounts of a most destructive storm, accompanied by loss of life and property, which occurred there and in the vicinity, on the 13th instant. At Tallahassee the damage was not very great, though several houses were prostrated and the chimnies of others blown down. The roads in every direction were blocked up by falling trees. The town of Port Leon, is a chaos of ruins. The tide made a breach over the town ten feet deep—every warehouse in the place, with one exception, was levelled to the ground, and nearly every dwelling was in a like condition. St. Marks suffered to a like extent. At Port Leon the mortality is reported to be great, but at Light House fourteen lives were lost, viz:—Captain M. C. Robertson, his wife and three children, and a child of Mr. Underwood. Mr. Joseph Wood, a portrait painter from Tallahassee, a child of R. V. Roffins, and five negroes.

The Star adds: "In addition to the above, we have learned that the family of Mr. Edmund Randall, residing on Bell Point, are dead, and five or six negroes, all perished. Mr. Walker himself escaped by clinging to the branches of a tree, in the midst of the storm. It is also stated that there are several other persons living on this point, who have not been heard from, and from which great doubts are entertained. There are also several families from this country, in summer quarters on Point Isleland, on which a much severity is felt. Indeed such was the violence of the winds, and the height to which the tide rose, that our imagination can scarcely fix limits to its ravages. Cedar Keys, Apalachicola, St. Joseph, can scarcely have escaped without much damage."

FIRE IN DANVERS.—We regret to learn that the beautiful and thriving town of Danvers, Mass., has suffered severely from fire. On Sunday morning a fire broke out in W. Berry's wheelwright shop in Danvers, Mass., which was most destructive in its effects. We subjoin some of the particulars:—buildings consumed—New South Church, value $800 dollars; Essex Coffee House, do. $2000 dollars; Andrew Lund, two shoe factories and wheelwright's shop, do. 2100 dollars; Jonathan Nichols' shop, do. 2400 dollars; Hosea Foster's house, do. 2200 dollars; John Dodge's shops, do. 1000 dollars; Caleb Lowe's dwelling house, occupied by him himself, do. 6 families, do. 4 barns, do. 2 stables. Personal property in the several stores of J. Dustin, B. Goodridge, C. Lambert & Co. and other buildings destroyed to the value of $20,000 dollars—total amount 50,000 dollars. There is reason to hope that there is effectual insurance to the amount of 20,000 dollars on the above.

NATIONAL REPEAL CONVENTION.—This body assembled in New York last week. About two hundred delegates from the various Repeal Associations being present. Robert Tyler, Esq., was chosen President of the Convention, supported by thirteen Vice Presidents and four Secretaries. An address to the people of the United States was reported and adopted on the third day. The business of the session appeared to be ably conducted by Ireland through her connection with England is related at length, and the various objects referred to, which are to be accomplished by the abrogation of that tie. After the reading of the address, Mr. Tyler returned his thanks in a vote of thanks, and the Convention adjourned sine die.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The steamer Columbia arrived at Boston last week, with fifteen days later advices. There is not in season for the whole of the edition of the Post. There was in the news, however, nothing of striking interest. We publish an extract in the letter of our own correspondent, which appears in this day's paper. Business was animated, and prices rising. The Queen's visit had advanced a shade—and the Queen of England had visited France. For the rest, vide our correspondent's letter.

TREASURY NOTES.—It is stated that there are yet a large number of Treasury Notes in circulation, notwithstanding the loss of interest now attending them. There are persons who have them in their possession, and may be worth more for that purpose than the interest would make up to those who legally own the way they will, however, of their convenience as affording facilities for the transfer of money from honest men's pockets to their own. By accounts—Counterfeiters and forged ones.

AN EXAMPLE.—Michael, who appears to have taken the name in the Books, given which was filled by the late lamented Rees, has given it as his opinion that President Tyler is forthwith bound to follow Judge Fletcher's example. The French king sent his son to invite Victoria to call on him at Eu. The American President is in duty bound to send the gallant Alhanson Houston and Medora's Dream, to invite the Queen of England to partake of a sherry cobbler at the Kip Kap.

NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Republican of a late date says:—We have it on the best medical authority that no fever has yet appeared in town in form of an epidemic. The cases in private practice are very numerous and we are pained to hear that the deaths are numerous. We have spoken of the journey of mortality to the house appointed for all living. The disease has not yet, as it will, every season, made its appearance during the earliest part of this season.

BITTER.—Mr. Seymour, editor of the Kennebec Journal, says if he has hauled of his election to Congress, he has been elected chairman of the Democratic Committee to report resolutions for the show in October; and this he considers will not be cruel to duty a business or some which he has to do. Mr. Morse has got a letter. By the way we notice that a Massachusetts Committee on the above subject to congress with our report of the Messrs. Baron.

DELICATE FRUIT.—The editor of the Detroit Advertiser says a short time since presented with a watermelon, from Kalamazoo, which was a little more than eight pounds. The shell, he adds, was large enough for a yawl boat. In estimating the quantity of this melon, we must not forget to add what the Detroit man considers a trifle. Ninety-seven pounds and eight ounces would be the weight of the shell. Hazel Lightfoot, a walnut would make a yawl boat by a hazy.

PROFITABLE EXCHANGE.—It is not often that an office holder likes to be turned out, but here are cases where it is a matter pleasant. Dabney S. Lear, Esq., naval officer of Baltimore, tenders a case in point. He is stated that he has been appointed to fill the naval office, worth 3500 dollars, and relinquished into the measure to Commodore Rodgers, worth 6000 dollars, and retains in office to which no office holder would object.

THE CAUSE.—The Grand Jury of the City and County in their late presentments state that nearly all the misery in the city and county of Philadelphia is the result of drunkenness, engendered in tipping houses, oyster cellars and gambling houses. It needed no grand jury to tell us this—and no special action of the jury has been required to enable them to which nearly every criminal indictment is customary.

THE ELECTION.—The general election in this State takes place on the 10th of October, and as the law of the State requires notice to be annexed at least ten days before the election, Saturday of this week closes the opportunity. Those citizens, then, who desire to exercise their privilege, and have not sure that they are regularly registered, have no time to lose in making an examination of the published assessors' lists.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—An interesting child, about six months old, daughter of Jeremiah Moses Wheelock, of Barre, Mass., lost her life on the 19th inst., in a most singular manner. An attendant left the room where she was lying quietly on a bed, and returning in a few minutes, the child was found to have crept in the side of the bed near the wall, and died of it. Her body passed between the bed and the ceiling, through an aperture not big enough to admit her head, and she remained suspended by the chin until life was extinct.

Horticultural.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION BY THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On the 20th and two following days the poetry of the productive vegetation of the earth was exhibited in the Great Saloon of the Museum on this city. Plenty almost oppressive. Corn, Melons, Tropical Fruits and Flowers by an arrangement at once neat and tasteful. The ornaments as designed by each contributor. He has, and with as soon as she receives her complement of men.

☞ The United States brig Somers arrived at Pensacola on the 14th instant, from the Isle of Pines: the officers and crew well.

☞ Orders have been received, at Boston, to get the frigate Potomac and the brig Consort ready for sea.

☞ U. S. brig Oregon, Lieut. Com. Porter, from Baltimore, arrived at Norfolk on the 20th.

Local Intelligence.

RIOTERS SENTENCED.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Wednesday, the following persons recently convicted of participation in riots, were sentenced:

Malcolm Graham and Samuel McReynolds, firemen—nine months' imprisonment each.

John Johnson, waiter—nine year imprisonment.

Jacob Nailer and James McMinn, brushmakers—six months' imprisonment each.

Peter Fox and Edward Knox—two years each. These were participants in the riot at Hood & Sparks' factory, wherein some Kentucky dowers were beaten.

John Stewart and Joseph Sprogle, ironmongers—thirty days imprisonment each.

SENTENCED.—Two negroes, sons, brothers, whose names are Nicholas and Peter Boniface, were convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Wednesday, of burglariously entering the jewelry store, which they occupied at the corner of Third and Green. They were sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars each, to undergo an imprisonment of two months, and undergo an imprisonment at solitary confinement and hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary for the same time.

STATE SENTENCE.—On Wednesday afternoon, a meeting of the Democratic Delegates was held at Commissioners Hall, N. E. for the purpose of nominating a State ticket for the ensuing year. Thomas McCully, Esq., communicated to represent the First District in the next Congress. Isaac Eneri, Jr. Esq., was nominated for the office.

A WARNING.—On Monday, the eldest daughter of Mr. William Gaige, grocer, corner of Race and Front streets, which, while engaged in domestic affairs, her clothes took fire from a romance in the card, and, before assistance could be rendered, she was so shockingly burned that she died in a few hours.

TUNNEL IN MARKET ST.—The proposals for building a sewer in Market street, under the market houses, from Fourth street, to the river Delaware, so as to add to the drainage of that section of the city, having been taken, and the contracts signed, the work of tunnelling is commenced.

ELECTION FOR SENATOR.—Sheriff Potter has issued his precept for the election for the election of a Senator to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. McCully. Those electors in now included in the General Prescriptions.

SPRING GARDEN.—On Wednesday, workmen commenced operations on the site for the new Spring Garden, owned by the heirs of the late Schoolcraft estate, by the Corporations of Northern Liberties and Spring Garden.

Religious Intelligence.

INSTALLATION.—The installation of the Rev. P. Kerfoot, as Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheranca Church in Lombard street, Baltimore took place last week. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. G. Morris, D. D., the former Daughter, and the Rev. S. W. Harkey.

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SARDIS ACCIDENT.—The editor of the Louisville Journal learns by a gentleman just from Hopkinsville, that a stage coach upset about fifty-five miles east of that city, on Wednesday of last week, and that seven persons were more or less injured, one of whom supposed that a lady and the driver were mortally wounded.

THE REVIVAL.—The New York Bulletin says that the reward of two thousand dollars offered by the Governor of that State for the recovery of the money he obtained by his forgeries is to be distributed in three equal parts—one to officer Clapp, of Boston, one to the officers of Worcester and one to Mr. Hoadley.

DOUBLE EXECUTION.—On Saturday, the 16th in the Oyer and Terminer of Bradford county, Pa., Joseph Guillow, sentenced James Robertson, of Bradford, his wife, to be hanged for the murder of Robin O. Gore, on the 1st of August last, of which they had been convicted.

SUICIDES IN DELAWARE.—The Delaware Republican says:—We are sorry to hear of so much suicide in the lower part of the State. The several heavy rains have been the means of collecting pools of stagnant water, that are the source of disease and unhealthy.

☞ The Danville Democrat says:—The Danville Furnace was blown in again last night by Messrs. Perry & Gazzelone, after a suspension of about two years. This is the second Anthracite Furnace at that point in this State.

☞ We learn from the N. J. Advocate, that the Cutton Manufacturing Company of that place, which has been closed since the year 1837, is about to commence business under the management of Mr. Philip Traxler.

☞ The public debt of the city of Boston is 1,548,700 Dollars.

For fine displays of Vegetables, two dollars each, to John C. Engleman, Athens L. Fellow.

For fine samples of Honey, one dollar each to Charles Lippincott and J. Smith.

Army & Navy.

STREET DISTURBANCE.—A couple of young men named Knox and Dickens, both of whom are strangers in the city, and one of whom is attached to the U. S. Navy had a ridiculous fight in Chestnut street on Friday week. Knox attacked Dickens with his tongue, and then with a cowhide—Dickens fired a pistol in return, which did no injury, though quite a crowd had collected. Both the foolish young men escaped before the officers arrived—but neither can escape his conscious feeling of shame.

U. S. SHIP FAIRFIELD was at Trieste on the 12th of July. She had recently visited Patras and Smyrna, and would remain about a month two weeks at Trieste. After which time she would sail to Malaga, touching at Regusa, Corfu, Athens, Tripoli, Tunis and Algiers.

☞ The frigate Savannah has been hauled out into the stream opposite the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and will remain there until spring.

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PLATTSBURG.—The Anniversary of the Battle of Plattsburg, was appropriately and solemnly commemorated on the 11th instant, by the erection of plain monuments over the graves of the gallant men who fell on the field of battle upon that occasion, and what was the best feature in the celebration, was entire absence of national prejudice.

☞ A large Van Buren meeting was held in the Park, New York on Monday night. George Bell P. White in the chair. The resolutions spoke decidedly of a preference for Van Buren, as the Presidential candidate.

BROKERS.—We learn from the News that there are 282 buildings under contract in Brooklyn; many of them are nearly completed. With few exceptions, the houses are of brick and substantially built.

SUNDAY MAILS.—It is stated that Postmaster General Wickliffe has already put an end to Sabbath Mail Transportation on General routes, amounting in length to upwards of eighty thousand miles.

☞ In the country part of Canada, says the Montreal Herald, thousands are glad to seek for *two dollars

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for October*, is on our table, "beautiful exceedingly." This periodical is especially devoted to the sex, and we know no one among its rivals equal to it in many respects. In the lateness of its fashions, the variety and novelty of its embellishments, and the peculiarly lady-like tone of its contents, it stands at the head of the magazines of this country devoted to the sex. The present number is richly embellished with a view in "Mount Auburn Cemetery," a bouquet of lilac, muguet &c., colored after nature, a novel and very pretty embellishment; and a plate of fashions printed in carmine. Both these last are quite novelties; indeed, it is a feature of this magazine, that, every month, we find in it something entirely original as well as elegant, in the way of illustrations. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Embury, and all our first female writers, are permanent contributors to this book; and their names are guarantees for the excellence and refined feminine tone of the articles. We see the publisher promises something entirely novel for the *November* number. He will be ahead of his work, for he has shown us *two* embellishments, intended for that number, each a novelty and each exquisite. We see our cotemporaries speak as favorably of this book as we do.

"Mr Peterson has certainly issued an elegant number of this work for October. The embellishments are neat and beautiful, while the following list of contributors, embracing the names of some of our best writers, will afford the reader an idea of the literary contents:—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. Lydia J. Pierson, Mrs. H. Lightfoot, Mrs. M. V. Spencer, Mrs. C. H. Ford, Mrs. B. F. Thomas, Miss Ellen Ashton, Author of 'Cruising in the Last War,' T. H. Chivers, M. D., Jerome A. Maybie, Henry J. Vernon, T. E. Van Bibber, S. D. Anderson, C. J. Peterson."—*Inquirer.*

"Mr. Peterson has given us an excellent number for October. The letter-press contents we have read with some attention, and pronounce them at least equal to those of any other magazine for the month. The 'Bouquet' engraved from nature by Mr. Quarre, is one of the most beautiful things of the kind we have seen for a long time. The contributors are among the choicest in the country."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE DOUBLE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH. *By the Reverend Wm. Ingraham Kip, M. A., author of the Lenten Fast.* This is a work which will be highly perused by Episcopalians, as ably written and well-timed. It is intended to maintain Episcopacy, while, at the same time, it defends the ground of the Anglican Church in separating from Rome. On a subject so declaredly controversial, we have no right in this place to give an opinion of the merits of the argument; and shall only say that the work shows much ability, and embodies so much information in brief space, that the church to which it is addressed will find it a most valuable treatise. It is printed in the usual elegant style of its publishers, Appleton & Co., of New York; G. S. Appleton, of Philadelphia.

THE CHURCHMAN WARNED AGAINST THE ERRORS OF THE TIMES. *Edited with notes, by the Rev. Henry Anthon. New York: Harpers.*—This is a compilation of extracts from the charges of English Bishops bearing upon the distinctive points of what is called "Tractarianism" in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is on sale here at 98 Chesnut street, and also by Zieber & Co., and Perkins and Purves.

THE BANKER'S WIFE; *or Court and City. By Mrs Gore.* This is a novel written with exceedingly great power in the portraiture of character, and having for its incidents probable and strikingly arranged events and circumstances. It will command as much attention as any recent novel. Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.

FROISSART. *Zieber & Co.* No. VII of these curious Chronicles is just received, carrying the work within a few numbers of its completion. A more desirable publication there is not among the serials, and, except at a very great expense it cannot be obtained in any other way.

THE GIFT. *Carey & Hart.*—This elegant annual for 1844 is unsurpassed by any work of the kind which has been published in this country. Preoccupation of our columns defers, this week, the extended notice which it deserves.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, in his last number, ridiculously exaggerates the disadvantages of Western settlements in this country, picking out as a pattern the worst kind of a fever and ague tract. Perkins & Purves and Zieber & Co.

FARMER'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA.—No. 15 of this work has been issued by Carey and Hart. It is accompanied by a plate of destructive insects, most of the subjects of which were furnished originally for the work.

NEW WORKS.—At the Periodical agency, No. 98 Chesnut street, are received Chuzzlewit, Alison, Mrs. Gore's new novel, and all the current serials. Orders for all are promptly answered.

☞ Messrs. Lea and Blanchard's reprint of "Chuzzlewit," received by last steamer, has two views of "Eden," one of which at least is not very attractive to settlers.

☞ Zieber has sent us Blackwood for September—the New World supplement, and The True Issue Sustained, another of the Carey pamphlets.

THE TRUE ISSUE SUSTAINED. 98 *Chesnut street.* This is a following up of the controversy relative to the late ordination in New York.

ALISON'S HISTORY.—No. 15 of this celebrated history has appeared, and is for sale at Zieber & Co., and at Perkins & Purves.

THE AGRICULTURAL ALMANAC, for 1844 is a very excellent work of the kind, full of valuable matter. Zieber & Co.

☞ The Musical Library for October, published by Godey & McMichael preserves its high character.

☞ The Harpers have in press a new tale by Arthur, entitled "Sweethearts and Wives."

THE LADIES' COMPANION, for October, is received by Zieber & Co.

Miscellaneous News.

PICKPOCKETS were, of course, abundant at Rochester, N. Y., on the occasion of the late fair. We have heard of fifteen or twenty men who were sufferers in this way to amounts varying from five dollars to one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. A Mr. Cleveland, from Wyoming county, was robbed of two thousand dollars which he carried in a belt around his body, at the railroad depot, at Utica, a few days since. Several suspected persons have been arrested for these robberies; but it is one thing to *arrest* and another to *convict.*

BRUTAL MURDER.—A shocking murder was committed at Westfield Society, in Middletown, Conn., on Sunday morning last. Mrs. Bacon, wife of E. Bacon, remained at home while the rest of her family, consisting of her husband and two children, went to church, at Middletown, a distance of three miles. When they returned, they found her lying dead with seven stabs on her person. Two men, named Roberts and Bell, have been arrested on suspicion.

FROM PORT AU PRINCE.—Capt. Robinson, of the brig Wm. Nelson, at New York, in 12 days from Port au Prince, reports that all was tranquil at Aux Cayes and Port au Prince when he sailed. The government had imposed one dollar and ten cents extra tonnage duty on all American vessels, and one half of the export duty on coffee had been taken off. This would take effect on the 11th inst.

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND.—According to the London Times, "the quantity of tobacco imported from the United States during the past year, as given in returns just presented to the House of Commons, amounted to 38,618,012 pounds, being a decrease of several thousand pounds, as compared with the preceding year."

PETERSBURGH, VA.—We learn from the Petersburgh, (Va.) Intelligencer, that the manufacturing establishments in that town and its vicinity, are in a very thriving condition. There are eight cotton factories in the town, some of them on a large scale, all in active operation.

FATHERLY.—Recently, a pugilistic fight took place near Stafford, England, between two young men named Beach and Gibson, which ended in the death of the latter. The fathers of the two combatants were present.

☞ We observe by our late London papers that the king of the French had signified his intention to reciprocate the friendly visit of Queen Victoria, by an excursion to England in the course of the present autumn.

Agricultural.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

I envy not the mighty king
Upon his splendid throne,
Nor crave his glittering diadem,
Nor wish his power mine own.
For though his wealth and power be great,
And round him thousands bow,
With reverence, in my low estate
More solid peace I know.

I envy not the miser—he
May tell his treasures o'er,
May heaps on heaps before him set,
And toil and sigh for more.
I scorn his narrow, sordid soul,
[illegible]
Nor bow beneath the base control
Of wealth's corroding lust.

Let warriors mount fame's giddy height,
Gain glory's gallant meed,
Be calm, collected, in the fight,
While thousands round them bleed.
I covet not their victor wreath,
Their courage or their fame,
Their laurels are an empty breath,
Their glory but a name.

My wants are few, and well supplied
By my productive fields—
I court no luxuries beside,
Save what contentment yields.
More real pleasure labor gives
Than wealth or fame can bring,
And he is happier far, who lives
A Farmer, than a King.

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

On the 19th and two following days of this month, was held at Rochester, New York, the Fair of the State Agricultural Society. Twenty-five years ago, Rochester was an inconsiderable village in the wilderness, at which the stage did not even stop to change horses—now the centre of a great agricultural country; it packs more flour than any other city in the world, and has a population of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants. There were at this Fair over thirty thousand persons in attendance, and a large portion of them were Farmers from Western New York. Twelve acres of ground were enclosed for the exhibition of cattle and domestic products, and, altogether, the festival was one which has never been exceeded in interest and importance in the country.

Among the guests present were Ex-President Van Buren, Mr. Webster, Gov. Bouck, and Ex-Governor Seward of New York, and other distinguished individuals, many of whom were prominent in the proceedings as members of the Society. But the guest who excited more interest than any other, was one who, in speaking of the prosperity of this great Agricultural section, might say, in the words of the poet—

All which I saw, and part of which I was.

Abner Barlow, of Canandaigua, now ninety-two years of age, raised the first bushel of wheat in Western New York. A living testimony to the efficience of agricultural pursuits [illegible]

[illegible]

... not concerned. Let us have souls and hearts and minds big enough to embrace the great Empire which God has given us (cheers) and while conscious that beneath his benignant rule we enjoy distinguished blessings, religious and civil and social, such as have been showered upon no other men on the face of the Earth, let us go boldly on determined, now and forever, living and dying, to be fully American, American altogether!"

Mr. Webster sat down amid deafening applause; but at the subsequent part of the evening made another and a shorter speech, a report of which we take from the Tribune, as it is directly interesting in our own State.

Mr. Knott, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, having proposed the health of the Chairman of one of the important Committees—Mr. Gowen, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Gowen, in reply, spoke of the long and difficult journey he had performed for the purpose of attending the Fair—of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, with which he was connected, and pronounced a high eulogium upon the late Judge Peters, who, he said, shed a lustre upon everything he did. ("That he did; that he did," said Mr. Webster.) He spoke of the emotions excited in his mind by what he had seen of the unbounded prosperity of the great State of New York. He was forced, he said, to contrast its condition with that of his own State,—and spoke of the neglect in Pennsylvania of her agricultural interests, of the calamitous legislation by which she was afflicted, of the great debts she had incurred, and of the deep disaster in which she appears to be sunk. ("Oh, you'll get out of it; you'll get out of it," said Mr. Webster.) We are thought to be neither able nor willing to pay our debt. ("God knows you are, both *able* and *willing*," said Mr. Webster.) We are both, if our government would let us do it. ("That's it—that's it," said Mr. Webster.) On our whole statute book there is not a single act which favors the interest of agriculture. Mr. Gowen spoke somewhat further of the general causes of the embarrassments of Pennsylvania, of the ruinous taxes which were imposed upon her citizens, while neither principal nor interest of her great debt was paid, of the evils of the excessive party spirit which governed her councils, and concluded by offering the following toast:

THE EMPIRE STATE—NEW YORK. Let the brightest flower in her chaplet ever be culled by the hand of agriculture."

MR. WEBSTER'S SECOND SPEECH.

Mr. Webster, after this toast had been given and received with loud applause, rose and said:

"May I be permitted, gentlemen, to occupy your attention for a few moments again—or have I already exhausted your patience? (Loud cries of "no," "no," "go on," "go on.") I am not entitled to be heard here to any great extent; (cries of "yes you are," "we're always glad to hear you," &c.) but the suggestions of the gentleman from Pennsylvania have called my mind to a topic, in my judgment, of overwhelming importance to the honor and credit of our common country. Mr. President and gentlemen—what is the credit and character of [illegible]

[illegible]

... the debt of Pennsylvania, he did it in no spirit of despondency. Pennsylvania will pay her debts—she will pay them, but she must first sink her party spirit and break her party discipline. Give us a legislature of practical men—give us a legislature made up of *Farmers*, such as have attended this great meeting, and my word for it, she will in less than ten years have paid every item of her oppressive debt.

Latest Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.—CAPS.—Morning caps are getting more in favor, as the mornings get cooler. They continue to be of a small size and worn rather backward on the head; they are chiefly composed of tulle and lace. Although flowers may be adopted for morning caps, they are but seldom used, ribbon being considered in better taste.

BONNETS.—Those of paille de riz have lately appeared, trimmed with a light colored scarf of white figured gauze or crape, and trimmed with very light-looking flowers: these are mostly worn for afternoon toilette. For morning bonnets, nothing can be more prettier than those composed of "illusion tulle," in reserved folds placed at distances, and decorated with fanciful flowers, interspersed with buds and leaves.

HATS.—Large Italian straws are now much worn: they are chiefly decorated with corn flowers, others with plumes-contelles, or weeping plumes: this style of hat allowing of almost any kind of trimming. Others are simply decorated with broad rich looking taffeta ribbons, either of a verdant green or deep lilac. These hats have a very distinguished appearance when the long veil is attached, and which is now so much in vogue.

CORSAGES.—Those of the Josephine form are mostly for the redingote style of dress, being cut half high at the back, and opening in the form a lengthened heart in the front just at the waist. The corsages a Lucrece, which resemble in some measure the corsages a la vierges, are also universally adopted, comprehending under this name a body with two gauging round the top and bottom of the waist; the others having straight epaulets, and made plain in heavy textures and in folds when composed of lighter materials.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—Our elegantes adopt a more neglige style of dress. For a morning toilette, the body is made high; the back full and forming a kind of fan at the waist; the front of the corsage edged with broad facings forming bavamises, which crosses in the front or not, according to the taste of the wearer; the skirt is made open and edged to match with facing; an embroidery in soutache, or chain work, decorates all the facings as well as the collar; the sleeves broad and demi longues a la bonne sœur, terminated with round facings; underneath this robe de chambre is worn a chemisepeignoir, the fronts resembling the breast part of a chemise decorated, the opening trimmed with a fall of Valenciennes lace, giving it the appearance of chemisette puritaine; the sleeves broad a la religieuse with facings turned up and festooned, or what is, perhaps better, a close wristband [illegible]

[illegible]

The Markets.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

TRADE AND BUSINESS.

[illegible]

Married.

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

[illegible]

A GREAT ENTERPRISE!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

A NEW VOLUME.

$400 IN PRIZE STORIES!!

A new volume of the United States Saturday Post, the sheet greatly beautified and improved with new type, cast expressly for the purpose, is commenced this day, SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH OF SEPTEMBER. In the new volume, it is the intention of the publishers, to show a degree of enterprise that must more than maintain the high character which the Post has enjoyed for more than twenty years. Amid all the competition which has existed during that period in the newspaper world, the Post has bravely maintained its ground as

THE LEADING FAMILY JOURNAL

of the Union. Its great circulation in every part of the United States; its established character in the public esteem, and the vigor with which it has always been conducted render it unnecessary to make large promises. Everything set forth in the prospectus will be rigidly adhered to. The means possessed by its proprietors are ample, and will be used to maintain its previous reputation. The united circulation of the periodicals issued by the proprietors, is greater by three fold, than that of any other establishment in America; and by a careful equalization of profits, they are enabled to publish cheaper and better works, and to realize a handsome return from small prices. In the literary department the strongest efforts will be put forth, and in addition to *several original American Novels from the pens of Herbert, Mancur, and others*, we shall increase the interest of the volume by

A SERIES OF PRIZE STORIES.

And for this purpose we offer to the writers of our country, the following list of Prizes, which shall be faithfully adjudged by a competent Committee of literary gentlemen.

$150 For the best Story of the Revolution.
$100 For the best Domestic Story.
$75 For the next best do. do.
$50 For the next best do. do.
$25 For the next best do. do.

The prizes to be awarded, and the publishing of the stories to be commenced on the first of December next. All Manuscripts to be handed in by the 10th of November next. Although it may be regarded as unnecessary, still, in order to avoid misunderstanding, we will state that the contributions of such writers as may happen to be unsuccessful competitors for the prizes, are, as a matter of course, to remain the property of the publishers.

As a good deal of distrust has been created in regard to the award of prizes of this kind, the publishers pledge themselves that the name of no writer shall go before the Committee, so that the articles shall be judged upon their merits alone. The name of the writer can be given in a private note to the publishers, and shall be confidential until the prizes are awarded.

THE NAMES OF THE PRIZE COMMITTEE

Will be announced before the first of November, and their high character as gentlemen of integrity and literary ability, will command the confidence of writers the Union over.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The editorial department will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman well known for his originality and humor, assisted by several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary journals. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being to make a FIRST RATE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, in every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other. The following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

The original articles and selections of the outside of the sheet, will be of the highest grade of light Literature, each number containing three or four chaste original and selected TALES, which, while they shall interest the young, shall at the same time point a moral. It will contain much good, and never any bad POETRY, and a copious compend of well-told Anecdote, Rich Humor, Pointed Wit, Just Satire, and Sentiment. Also the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Biography, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, besides the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all the other fountains of choice Original Literature. In fine, the Post, has been conceded everywhere to be the first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its *Original Tales, Essays, Poetry, and articles on all subjects*—and this character shall be carefully preserved. From time to time, the columns will be as heretofore, devoted to the publication of

ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVELS,

from the pens of able writers, calculated to keep alive the memory of revolutionary heroes and events, and to foster the spirit of patriotism. The recent revolutionary stories have had a run of popularity never equalled as newspaper tales. These will be followed up by a series of novels upon similar subjects, from the pens of our best authors. Articles regularly appear in its columns, original and selected, from the following

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WILLIAM E. BURTON,
REV. LOUIS L. NOBLE,
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And articles of numerous other writers on every variety of subject.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

A portion of its columns will be devoted during the Lecture Season to SCIENTIFIC LECTURES, correctly reported at length—a feature possessed by no other weekly paper. In its columns all the valuable Lectures of Professor Lyell on Geology, in this city, and the still more interesting ones of the justly celebrated Dr. Lardner, on various Scientific subjects have appeared. The great size of the paper also enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

FARMING.

It is intended to make the paper one of great interest to the Farmer, by giving the reports of the different Agricultural Associations; the new inventions; late experiments in tilling, and able papers from every source entitled to confidence, so that the agricultural portion of the community will find in its columns, without encroaching upon other matter, all that is desirable to know, without the expense of a separate journal.

SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

Spirited engravings, in illustration of the text of the Stories and Sketches published, will from time to time be given—and occasionally, *portraits of public men*, with a history of their lives, and of such events as may be of public concern.

GREAT SIZE OF THE SHEET.

The sheet being of the mammoth size, measuring thirty inches by forty-four, and being printed on the finest and best finished type, the publishers are enabled to compress more matter into its columns than can be had elsewhere, and to note every event of interest at length.

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As a family newspaper it is believed that the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is not equalled by any weekly literary paper now existing. Nothing is admitted into its columns, calculated to raise a blush upon the cheek of the most pure, no article being allowed to appear, which a modest female should hesitate to read aloud in the family circle. It contains, moreover, a full and well digested account of every matter of news up to the hour of printing. This is a great desideratum to those who take only a single weekly paper, and one which means less extensive than those connected with this establishment cannot accomplish. The number of persons employed, and the steam-power engaged in the publication of this paper, altogether surpass those of any other of a similar character.

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HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!! DEAFNESS CURED—SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC [illegible]

[illegible]

Gems from the Poets.

MAN.

The human mind, that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where Reason sits, a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment-tone;
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the human mind!

The human heart, that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous, yet the suffering,
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous-thronged, the desolate,
The seat of love, the lair of hate,
Self-stung, self-deified!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the human heart!

The human soul, that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn by the scoffs of Time;
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth-enslaved, the glory-crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
That startling thing, the human soul!

And this is Man! Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven,
When o'er this vision, drear and dim,
The wreck of time are driven,
If pride or passion in their power
Can chain the tide or charm the hour
Or stand in place of heaven?
He bends the brow, he bows the knee
Creator! Father! none but Thee!

Original Sketch.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

TIM TOUCHANDGO.

The Man who cannot Stop a Minute.

A SKETCH—BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Upon my word I can't, not a minute! Stop—why the man will die before I get there, now!" So said Tim, and hurried away at the very top of his speed, as if life in truth depended upon his expedition. Undoubtedly he thought so—and indeed in all that he undertook, he was pressed forward, or rather drawn on by the deep seated and habitual impression that the destiny of the nation depended upon his celerity. Stop a minute! The thing was preposterous, and he was never known to do it but once or twice in his life; and one of those times was, when he would not wait for a railroad train to come to a standstill. He jumped off—broke a leg or two, and stopped several weeks. Poor fellow! Tiresome weeks were they to him,—and he came out of the doctor's hands as thin as a hatchet. He fretted the flesh off his bones. By long use opposed to quiescence, it would not wait with him, and muscular matter and adipose "thawed and resolved itself" rather than "stop a minute"—much less six weeks!

On this particular day, Tim had been despatched—or had rather despatched himself, for he always shot off impromptu when a swift messenger was required—for a stomach pump. Puffing and blowing he returned in an incredibly short space of time. He boasted that he had not "stopped a minute." Perhaps if he had stopped when asked, he would not have brought away a chemist's syphon instead of the article for which he had been running. Fortunately the patient, however, had been disposed to stop a minute, and was cured beyond need of remedy before even Tim could go and come.

often as ill; and is infinitely better than the deliberate casuist, who finds time to debate how much alloy of evil he can put into his good, without wholly debasing the compound. Commend us to your right minded energetic mortals—who do an occasional wrong, because they will not stop a moment to consider, rather than to your cautious phlegmatics, who weigh consequences—do right from policy, and wrong by proxy—who would not for the world ruin a neighbor's fortune, but at the same time would not save him from another's wiles by a warning, if they thought they could save ten dollars by buying his saddle horse at a Sheriff's sale!

Biographies.

MEHEMET ALI.

The following sketch of the character of Mehemet Ali, which appears in a French paper, will be read with interest:—

Mehemet Ali was born in 1769, at Cavalla, and is now consequently seventy-four years of age. He is short in stature, but strong and still hale, or far from infirmity. His fine forehead and hazel eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, his short moustache, flowing grey beard, and little mouth, make up an *ensemble* which, though it betrays cunning and *finesse*, yet on the whole, gives him the appearance of a noble and amiable man.

His hands and feet are remarkably well made, and, what is very extraordinary for a Turk, he is incessantly pacing up and down his apartments. He is always remarkably clean and neat in his dress, but never wears any order, nor any of those gorgeous decorations and embroideries which are so much in fashion amongst his countrymen.

The Viceroy is excessively passionate, and can but ill conceal the emotions by which for the time he is agitated; but he has much frankness and good faith, and abhors dissimulation. Extremely sensitive on all points of honor, religiously faithful to his word, he is utterly incapable of committing a dishonorable action. His generosity is unbounded, and frequently borders on prodigality. He is reported to have been a very great admirer of the fair sex, but is an excellent father; and it is painful to witness his anguish when bereaved of any of his numerous children, or any person to whom he is attached.

Glory is his god, and his whole life has been spent in endeavoring to shed a lustre on his name, and to leave behind him a glorious and unsullied reputation. He is very sensitive on the calumnies which the European papers have circulated about him, and causes all of them to be translated and read to him.

Probably there is no man of his age who equals him in indefatigable activity. He allows himself but a few hours of repose; rises at four, when he receives reports from his Ministers and dictates his answers. He then reviews his troops, and inspects his shipping

[illegible]

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

[illegible]

William when he received several rich suits of laced clothes. Soon after, the chief came to him and said, "I dream." "Well! what did you dream?" "I dream you give me one suit of clothes." This hint could not be mistaken or well avoided, and accordingly Hendrick received a suit. Some time afterwards Sir William meeting Hendrick, said to him, "I dreamed last night." "Did you! What did you dream?" "I dreamed you gave me a tract of land," describing it. Hendrick at first paused at the enormity of the demand, but at length said, "You may have the land: *but we no dream again, you dream too hard for me.*" The tract of land thus obtained, is stated to have been twelve miles square, in the present county of Herkimer: the title to it was confirmed by the king, and was called the "Royal Grant."

The power which Sir William Johnson acquired over the Indians descended to his son and to his nephew, Col. Guy Johnson, who succeeded him in the agency of Indian affairs. As the family had derived most of their wealth and consideration from the crown, they were, as might be supposed, devoted loyalists.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

The following vivid and touching sketch of the last moments of the Father of his Country, is from a letter in the New York American:

"Passing the great hall ornamented with pictures of English hunting scenes, we ascended the oaken staircase, with its carved and antique balustrade. We stood at the door—we pressed the handle—the room and the bed where he died were before us. Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence surpassed the grandeur of that final scene. The cold which he had taken from exposure in overseeing some part of his grounds, and which resisted the earliest domestic remedies that were applied, advanced, in the course of two short days, into that frightful form of disease of the throat—*laryngitis*. It became necessary for him to take his bed. His valued friend, Dr. Craik, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted all the means of art—but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress, to the various remedies proposed; but it became evident, from the gloom settling on the countenances of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless. Advancing insidiously, the disease had fastened itself with deadly certainty. Looking with calmness on the sobbing group around him, he said, 'Grieve not, my friends, it is as I anticipated from the first; the debt which we all owe is now about to be paid; I am resigned to the event.' Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring him two wills from his escrutiore, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last will and testament; and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his Secretary and relation, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distressed; and as, in the paroxysms, which became more violent and frequent, Mr. Lear, who was extended

[illegible]

From the Journals.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

[illegible]

The Humorist.

☞ Lord Stowell used to boast that there was not a sight in London he had not seen, and, according to a current story, he had seen some more than once. He was paying his shilling to see a new mermaid, when the man at the door, apparently ashamed to cheat so good a customer, refused to take the money, saying—"No, no, my Lord, it's only the ould Say Sarpent."

☞ A simple servant boy one evening went up to the drawing room, on the bell's being rung. When he returned to the kitchen, he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think! there were sixteen of them who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

☞ An Irish gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the world—adding very pointedly, "They will never be at peace until they are engaged in another war."

☞ The chaplain of the Edinburgh gaol has resigned his situation, having gone over to the "Free Church." His *congregation* had a conscientious desire to follow their pastor, but the intolerant gaoler wouldn't allow them!

☞ A western editor, who was recently robbed of a jack knife, a wooden comb, a brass rule, and five cents, says he is ruined, and shall be obliged to "take the benefit" of the insolvent act.

☞ An obituary notice in an Eastern paper announces the death of a young man aged twenty-three years, who "*lived and died* to the entire satisfaction of his bereaved parents and friends."

☞ "If you children quarrel so about that doll, I'll break it; there's no more where you

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

[illegible]

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

[illegible]

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

[illegible]

"back." Recovering his presence of mind in an instant, the doctor fixed his eye upon the maniac, and saw the necessity for immediate action. "Bill," said he, "it was a great oversight not to have brought the bottle along, but lay hold and we'll pull back and get it. It certainly was a very great oversight." Bill laid him back in the sheets, took up his oar, and in a few minutes the boat lay alongside the asylum dock. Admiral Bill was returned to the cell, and the doctor has taken care that he has never since pulled the stroke oar.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE "NUN'S FAREWELL."

Say that I will be there?
Yes, say that I will stand,
As in those years when life was fair,
Beside him, hand in hand.
Though dark that meeting now,
Though sorrowful and vain,
Before I breathe that fatal vow,
I'll meet him once again.

Say that when evening shades
Fall over land and lea,
I'll stand beneath those green arcades,
Where once we wandered free.
Tell him the joyous tone,
That welcomed him of old,
Hath changed, until the night-wind's moan,
Hath not a sound so cold!

Yet say that I will come,
Though dim and altered now,
Within my heart a solemn gloom,
And pallor on my brow.
I owe it to the past
To meet his gaze once more,
And weep wild tears—the last, the last
These eyes shall ever pour!

Musical.

ANECDOTE OF A MUSICAL GENIUS.

Mr. Guzikow was a Polish Jew; a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

THE FALSE ONE.

[illegible]

THE GHOST CHILD.

[illegible]

Deaf and Dumb.—A friend of ours some time since handed us a scrap of an old newspaper, nearly worn out, from which with difficulty we extract the following sketch of an examination held at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in London, of the children, in their knowledge of the divine truth:

A little boy was asked in writing, "Who made the world?"

He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question,

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner,

"Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote,

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise,

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote,

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."—*Licking Valley Register.*

Singular Occurrence.—One of our oldest and most learned divines on Sunday morning suffered a temporary and rather serious absence of mind; but before the hour of morning service arrived, was supposed to have entirely recovered, and went to his church to perform the duties of his calling. He proceeded regularly with the services of the day, and preached an extemporaneous discourse which was declared by many who heard it, to be one of the most eloquent, perspicuous and argumentative sermons they had ever listened to.

After the clergyman arrived home it was no-

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The Olio.

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THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Horses should never be put to severe work on a full stomach. More horses are hurt by hard driving after a full feed, than by a full feed after hard driving.

If the farmer wishes to have his pork barrel and meal chest hold out, let him look well to his kitchen garden. Plenty of vegetables conduce not more to health than to profit.

In laying in a stock of winter fodder for animals, let it not be forgotten that a little too much is just enough. Starving animals at any time is miserable policy.

As you treat your land so it will treat you. Feed it with manures liberally and it will yield you bread bountifully.

Avoid debt as you would the leprosy. If you are ever tempted to purchase on credit put it off for three days. You need time for reflection.

Never beg fruit or any thing else you can produce by the expenditure of a little time or labor. It is as reasonable to expect a man to give away the produce of his wheat field as of his orchard or fruit garden.

The man who uses good seed, has a good soil, and works it in good season, rarely fails of having a good crop to reward his toil.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, AND CHANGES OF TEMPERAMENT.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the Human Frame; it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months of sickness.

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PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR

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DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

THESE MEDICINES ARE RECOMMENDED and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best medical colleges in the United States, and has had twenty years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the breast, difficulty of breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can, and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to an hours time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it. IT NEVER HAS FAILED TO CURE ASTHMA OR RELIEVE A COUGH.

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JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

For LIVER COMPLAINTS, GOUT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, FEVERS, NERVOUSNESS, ERYSIPELAS, and diseases of the SKIN, IMPURITY of the BLOOD, INFLAMMATION, MELANCHOLY, SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PAINS in the HEAD, BREAST, SIDE, BACK and LIMBS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c. &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much suffering

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JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

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JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

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JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.

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DR. D. JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS.

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